

## LOVE'S DAWN.

In wandering through waste places of the world, I have no love and knew not she was mine. But soon a light more tender, more divine, Filled earth and heaven; richer clouds curtains furled.

The west at eve a softer dusk appeared. The gates of dawn; a note more pure and fine, In the thrush's song a rare shine Varished the leaves of May's sweet sun unclouded.

To me, who loved yet knew not all the air Trembled to shocks of far-off melodies, As all the summer's rustling thrills the trees. When Spring's sons strike their boughs, asleep and bare.

And then, one blessed day, I saw arise Love's morning, glorious, in her candid eyes.

—John Hay in the Century.

## DR. STUDHOLME'S DREAM.

Thank Heaven, it is over at last, and all that I have to be thankful for is that the worst has not happened. How it has all come about is still but a confused tangle in my own mind. Only one thing stands out clearly before me, and that is the disturbed dream which has been in some mysterious way the cause of all that has followed. Yes, it is as clear to my mind today as it was yesterday, when I had it.

I can see the bed-room, furnished with every comfort and luxury. The fire burns brightly in the fireplace, and two figures—a man and a woman—move about the room. They seem by their gestures to be holding an animated discussion. Yet I know not what they say or do. They are evidently unconscious of my presence, and I feel an intense longing to let them know I am there, and to mediate between them, for I can see clearly that they are engaged in a quarrel. The man, growing into a fury, his hands clenched into fists, and a horrible nervous twitching about his mouth and brow, which is rendered more disagreeable by the flicker of the firelight.

The woman, pale and fair, has on her pier glass, and I see the reflection of her pier glass, and up by the wax-tipped candle.

It is a beautiful face, and is rendered more beautiful by the emotion which heaves the bosom of its owner and softens her cheek. She is the noblest and truest woman that ever stepped on God's earth." He would have told me all there, but then, I would not listen, and made him return to his wife and watch her with his eyes.

"Good Lord! what should I do? If I speak to her?" Miss Warren has mused, and I feel that she is in a quandary.

Poor devil! he did watch, as I afterward learned from his wife; for when she was awakened by the sun shining through the window, he had still clung to her neck, his face buried in her hair, and his elbows resting on his knees. At her first movement (so she told me) he rose from his seat and knelt by his bedside, declaring he would never rise again forever, leaving her house and grounds and half his fortune. I need scarcely say that he was forgiven, and did not go away, and in truth that strange and violent scene, and the consequent which followed on Hennell's part, only bound husband and wife in closer ties.

"Good Lord! what should I do?"

Poor devil! he did watch, as I afterward learned from his wife, and I had reluctantly given up all hope of saving his life.

It is a high and broad, and his whole face of an intellectual and refined cast. His hair and beard are curly and of an auburn tint.

Both man and woman are in evening dress.

As I stand gazing first at one and then at the other, the two faces seem to burn their images into my soul.

Presently the man turns toward the woman, with a look of familiarity on his face, and with his hands clasped, and I can see some words come over her face as she replies, and the next moment, to my unspeakable horror, he grasps her lovely throat in his powerful hand, and I can see that he is about to strangle her.

My strength to speak or move to her assistance, but am paralyzed. At last, with a fearful effort, I utter a piercing scream, and wake—oh, with what thankfulness!—to find it is but a dream.

Now, on this dream, but differing from all dreams I ever dreamed before in this one respect, that every detail of it—the bed, the furniture, the faces of the actors—are real to me, and I can identify them with my eyes but yesterday.

But the two faces remained clear to my mental vision, and I often speculated upon the chance of my ever seeing their prototypes in the flesh.

What I was going to write is a simple record of facts. I have no intention of pretending to explain them. I can see plainly enough how certain links of the chain are connected, but there is one wide gap which baffles explanation.

A year ago, in my dream, and I was attending a conversation at Guy's Hospital, given to commemorate the opening of the new wing.

There was a good display of interesting objects, especially of microscopes, exhibited by one of the principal makers. I had been for some moments peering into one of these, when a gentleman standing at the next instrument said, evidently addressing myself:

"I see a remarkably good specimen of the ameba, if you are interested in these examples of primitive life."

I raised my head from the microscope I was examining, and turned toward the speaker. To my son, who I may as well call my father, I said, "I see that it was the face of the man in my dream. Yes, in every detail, the same!" I was so staggered by this discovery, that I stood rudely staring in his face, until he said politely:

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